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"Forgive."

OWEN M. WILSON.

I did not think that I should say it first;
But love is stronger—stronger far than pride;
I did not know how drearily would pass
The hours that found you absent from my side.

I watched and waited, hoping you would come,
Forgiving, forgetting all the harshness past;
The days rolled by—the nights—I missed you so,
And now 'tis I who come to you at last.

I did not think that I should say it first,
That night we quarreled. It was a silly thing;
But Oh! you touched my woman's pride when you
In your hot anger flung the "keepsake ring"

On the grass just at my feet. The gift
I bade you wear in memory of me,
Fast beat my heart, I *hated* you, I thought,
When you turned coldly, saying "you are free."

I did not think that I should say it first,
But O my darling! I have *braver* grown;
My woman's pride's strong, and I can say:
"Forgive! The fault was only mine—my own."

The Condemned Sentinel.

A cold, stormy night in the month of March, 1807, Marshal Lefebvre, with twenty-seven thousand French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned by seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers, and these, together with twenty or thirty thousand well-armed citizens, presented nearly double the force which could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels, for a desperate sortie from the garrison, made unawares, might prove calamitous.

At midnight Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advance line of pickets, it being upon a narrow strip of land raised above the marshy flat, called the Peninsula of Nehrung. For more than an hour he paced his lonesome beat without hearing anything more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length, however, another sound broke upon his ear. He stopped and listened, and presently he called: "Who's there?"

The only answer was a moaning sound.

He called again, and this time he heard something like the cry of a child, and pretty soon an object came toward him out from the darkness. With a quick, emphatic movement he brought his musket to the charge, and ordered the intruder to halt.

"Mercy!" exclaimed a childish voice; "Don't shoot me! I am Natalie. Don't you know me?"

"Heavens!" cried Jerome, elevating the muzzle of his piece. "Is it you, dear child?"

"Yes; and you are good Jerome. O, you will come and help mamma! Come, she is dying!"

It was certainly Natalia, a little girl only eight years old, daughter of Lisette Vaillant, a sergeant in Jerome's own regiment, and was in the army in the capacity of nurse.

"Why, how is this, my child?" said Jerome, taking the little one by the arm. What is it about your mother?"

"O, good Jerome, you can hear her now. Hark!"

The sentinel bent his ear, but could only hear the wind and the rain.

"Mamma is in the dreadful mud," said the child, "and is dying. She is not far away. O, I can hear her crying."

By degrees Jerome gathered from Natalie that her father had taken her out with him in the morning, and that in the evening when the storm came on her mother came after her. The sergeant had offered to send a man back to the camp with his wife, but she preferred to return alone, feeling sure that she would meet with no trouble. The way, however, had become dark and uncertain, and she had lost the path, and wandered off to the edge of the morass, where she had sunk into the soft mud.

"O, good Jerome," cried the little one, seizing the man's hand, "can't you hear her? She will die if you do not come and help her!"

At that moment the sentinel fancied he heard the wail of the unfortunate woman. What should he do? Lisette, the good, the beautiful, the tender-hearted Lisette, was in mortal danger, and it was in his power to save her. It was not in his heart to withstand the pleadings of the child. He could go and rescue the nurse, and return to his post without detection. At all events he could not refuse the childish pleader.

"Give me your hand, Natalie, I'll go with you."

With a cry of joy the child sprang to the soldier's side, and, when she had secured his hand, she hurried him along toward the place where she had left her mother. It seemed a long distance to Jerome, and once he stopped as though he would turn back. He did not fear death, but he feared dishonor.

"Hark!" uttered the child.

The soldier listened, and plainly heard the voice of the suffering woman calling for help. He hesitated no longer. On he hastened through the storm, and found Lisette sunk to her armpits in the soft morass. Fortunately a tuft of long grass had been within her reach, by which means she had held her head above the fatal mud. It was no easy matter to extricate her from the miry pit, as the workman had to be very careful that he himself did not lose his footing. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her toward his post.

"*Who comes there!*" cried a voice from the gloom.

"Heavens!" gasped Jerome, stopping and trembling from head to foot.

"*Who comes there!*" repeated the voice.

Jerome heard the click of the musket-lock, and he knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he had left. The relief had come while he had been absent.

"Friends with the countersign!" he answered to the last call of the new sentinel.

He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the countersign, he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard. In a few hurried words he told his story, and had the officer been alone he might have allowed the matter to rest where it was, but there were others present, and when ordered to give up his musket he obeyed without a murmur and silently accompanied the officer to the camp, where he was put in irons.

On the following morning Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial under charge of having deserted his post. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story.

This he did in a few words, but the court could do nothing but pass sentence of death, but the members thereof all signed a petition praying that Jerome Dubois might be pardoned, and this petition was sent to the general of the brigade, and through him to the general of the division, by whom it was endorsed, and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to his soldiers almost to a fault, but he could not overlook so grave an error as that which had been committed by Dubois. The orders given to the sentinel had been very simple, and foremost of every necessity was the order forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved. To a certain extent the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those who at night were posted nearest the lines of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray-haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who presented it. "I am sure the man meant no wrong, and yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing—he ran the risk—he was detected—he has been tried and condemned. He must suffer!"

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the marshal cried quickly. "Should I see him and listen to one-half his story, I might pardon him, and that must not be done. Let him die that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the day of his trial. The result of the interview with Marshal Lefebvre was made known to him, and he was not at all disappointed. He blamed no one, and was only sorry that he had not died upon the battle-field.

"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to his captain. I feel that I have done no crime that should leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand, and assured him that his name should be held in respect.

Toward evening Pierre Vaillant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him; but he braced himself for the interview, and would have stood it like a hero, had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead. This tipped the brimming cup, and his tears flowed freely.

Pierre and Lisette knew not what to say. They wept and they prayed, and they would have willingly died for the noble fellow who had been thus condemned.

Later in the evening came a companion; who, if he lived, would at some time return to Jerome's boyhood home. First the condemned thought of his widowed mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister. And finally he thought of one—a bright-eyed maid—whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine—one whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"O, my dear friend!" he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell them a falsehood, but, if the thing is possible, let them believe I fell in battle."

His companion promised that he would do all he could, and, if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so faithfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear dishonor in the minds of those who had loved him in other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy, with driving sleet and snow, and at an early hour Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate. The place of execution had been fixed upon a low barren spot toward the sea, and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment. They had gained not more than half the distance, when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air, and very shortly the side-de-camp came dashing to the side of the general of the brigade, with the cry:

"A sortie! A sortie! The enemy are out in force. Let this thing be stayed. The marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsular!"

In an instant all was changed in that division, and the brigadier-general, who had temporary command, thundered forth his orders for his countermarch. The gloom was dissipated, and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the thoughts of the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard.

"Lead him back to the camp," replied the captain.

The direction was very simple, but the execution thereof was not to be so easy, for hardly had the words escaped the captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing directly toward them. The division was quickly formed into four hollow squares, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In Heaven's name," cried Jerome, "cut my bonds, and let me die like a soldier!"

The sergeant quickly cut the cord that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed toward the point where his own regiment was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about him for some weapon with which to arm himself, and presently he saw a Prussian officer not far off reeling in his saddle as though he had been wounded. With a quick bound he reached the spot, pulled the dying officer from his seat, and leaped into the empty saddle.

Dubois was fully resolved that he would sell his life on that day—sell it in behalf of France—and sell it as dearly as possible. But he was not needed where he was. He knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares; so he rode away, thinking to join the French cavalry, with whom he could rush into the deepest danger. Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Nehrung, he rode his horse in that direction, and when he reached it he found that he had not been mistaken. Upon a slight eminence toward Hagelsberg the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry; and already with shot and shell immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after this battery had been opened, and very quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take the battery," he said to a colonel of cavalry, "and the battle is ours."

Dubois heard the order and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; and, determined to be the first at the fatal battery, he kept as near to the leader as he dared. Half the distance had been gained, when from the hill came a storm of iron that ploughed into the ranks of the French. The colonel fell, his body literally torn in pieces by a shell that exploded against his bosom.

The point upon the peninsula now reached by the head of the assaulting column was not more than a hundred yards wide, and it was literally a plain of death, as the fire from twelve heavy guns was turned upon it. The colonel had fallen, and very soon three other officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader. The way was becoming blocked up with dead men and dead horses, and the head of the column stopped and wavered.

Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated place, saw this, and his heart throbbed painfully. If that column were routed and the Russian infantry charged over the head of the peninsula, the result might be calamitous.

But—see! A man in the uniform of a French private, mounted upon a powerful horse caparisoned in the trappings of a Prussian staff officer, with his head bare, and a bright sabre swinging in his hand, rushes to the front and urges the column forward. His words are fiery and his look is dauntless.

"For France and for Lefebvre!" the strange horseman cries, waving his sword aloft and pointing toward the battery. "The Marshal will weep if we lose this day!"

The brave troopers, thus led by one who feared not to dash forward where the shot fell thickest, gave an answering shout, and pressed on, caring little for the rain of death, so long as they had a living leader to follow. Hoping that he might take the battery, and yet courting death, Jerome Dubois spurred on; and finally the troop came upon the battery with irresistible force.

It was not in the power of the cannoniers to withstand the shock, and the Russian infantry that came to their support were swept away like chaff. The battery was quickly captured, and when the guns had been turned upon those who had shortly before been their masters, the fortune of the day was decided. The Russians and the Prussians—horse, foot and dragoons—such as were not taken prisoners, made the best of their way back into Dantzic, having lost much more than they had gained.

Jerome Dubois returned to the guard-house, and gave himself up to the officer in charge. First a surgeon was called to dress several slight wounds which he had received. Next his colonel was called to see what should be done with him. The colonel applied to the general of brigade, and the general of brigade applied to the general of division, and the general of division applied to Marshal Lefebvre.

"What shall we do with Jerome Dubois?"

"God bless him!" cried the general veteran, who had heard the whole story, "I'll pardon him to-day and to-morrow I'll promote him!"

And Jerome Dubois, in time, went himself to see the loved ones in France, and when he went he wore the uniform of a captain.—*Selected.*

The sunset of day is not real, only apparent; such is the sunset of a Christian life. For the good there is no death; it is only a step in life. And there is no horizon that separates the earth from the sky; it is only apparent. And we would fain believe there is no spiritual horizon separating our earthly life from the heavenly, but that even now, while we sojourn below we may abide in spirit with the "innumerable company of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect," in that sweet heaven Christ makes within and which cometh not with observation.

"No true lady will wear false hair!" is the cry from New England. It comes from a woman who lost her switch on the street and cannot afford to buy another.

A Network of Railroads.

To the greater portion of the people of the United States, the immense tract of territory lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada is almost a sealed book. Nevada, on the east slope of the Sierras, is known for its famous silver mines, and Utah has an unpleasant notoriety as a place where a man may legally possess an indefinite number of wives; but excepting some central points in these Territories, the region lying between those two great ranges of mountains is very little known. The region to which we refer is about one thousand miles wide from East to West, and six hundred from North to South. The Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads cross the Continent a little south of the forty-second parallel of latitude, and the Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific route touches the thirty-second degree in its most southern deflection. A very lively fight is now going on for the possession of one or two passes, which command the lines of travel through this region. The contestants are the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company on one side, and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company on the other. The purpose in either case is to build a railroad crossing the country diagonally and connecting with the Southern Pacific or Texas Pacific, whichever may build along the twenty-second parallel of latitude.

A glance at the map shows Atchison and Kansas Cities in the eastern extremity of the State of Kansas, both being connected by one line with the Union Pacific. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe has branches from Atchison and Kansas Cities to Topeka, in the interior of Kansas, where the two branches unite. This line then continues on to Pueblo, about 650 miles west of the Mississippi, and 120 due south of Denver, the capital of Colorado. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow-guage railroad extends from Denver through Pueblo to Trinidad, ninety miles south of Pueblo. South of Trinidad is Roton Pass, claimed by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company and also the Denver and Rio Grande Company. A correspondent of the Denver *Tribune* says the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company have taken possession of Roton Pass, and in so doing have crowded out their narrow-guage rival. They have commenced on a 2000-foot tunnel, and are grading at different points. The understanding is that they propose to connect by this route with the Southern Pacific as the latter company builds east. It will at least connect with Santa Fe, their present proposed southern terminus. This city, a little north of the centre of New Mexico, bids fair to be a great railroad centre. It is a little south of the 36th parallel of latitude, and south of a middle line between the Central and Union Pacific route and the Southern Pacific route. The mountain passes centre all routes at that point, from which it is supposed branches will extend easterly and westerly connecting with the Southern Pacific in Arizona and with the Texas Pacific in Texas. There is, then, a prospect that within a short period of time this almost unknown interior will be crossed with railroad lines. The distance between Kansas City to a convenient point of intersection on the Southern Pacific line, in Arizona, is about the same as between New York and Chicago.

The State That is Talked About.

This State of Kansas is more talked about and more thoroughly advertised than any other State in the Union, I believe. Wherever you go, if you speak of Kansas, people are anxious to hear you talk about it, and ply you with questions about it. It is a wonderfully growing State. When I was in Leavenworth last spring, immigrants were passing into the State at the rate of a thousand a week, and it is expected that the immigration will be still larger this season. No other State in the Union outside of New England has so much "history" as Kansas. And I don't think there is a State among the old "thirteen" that has more personal history. And with all the tragedy that shades the earlier history of this State, there is a gleam of humor in almost every chapter, that cannot be equalled anywhere. If you get hold of the right kind of a Kansan, he will tell you Kansas stories until you beg him in mercy to stop, because you can laugh no longer. Between Noble Prentis, and G. W. Martin, and Waters, the author of the most unique and thoroughly original preface to a city directory that was ever published, and Frank Drummond and West, and a few others, I laughed until I was too tired to sleep. There is really no end to the personal reminiscences in Kansas history. I can understand now why they used to shoot men in Kansas. A man wouldn't die naturally, it's such an atmosphere of humor, so they had to kill him when he got to be old enough to die.—*Editorial Cor. Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Game For Winter Evenings.

A writer in the *Christian at Work* describes a new fire-side sport likely to afford pleasant practice for both manual and mental skill. It is called the game of "Artists and Critics," and of course the biggest bunglers at it will make the most fun:

Slips of paper and lead-pencils must be distributed among all present. Then each person makes a sketch at the top of the paper, representing anything he pleases, as ambiguously as possible, and at the bottom of the paper writes what he intended it for, and folds it over, as in the game of Consequences.

The papers are passed to the next in turn, and each person, after scrutinizing the design, writes what he thinks it means, and folds that over. This goes on until the papers have made the tour of the circle, and then all are opened and read aloud, first the real meaning of the drawing, then the guesses, which are sometimes very amusing.

A Snake Story Confirmed.

Some seven or eight years ago an astounding snake story came from South Canaan, Ct., and it was copied far and near, both in this country and Europe. About the time referred to much alarm was manifested along the line of the Housatonic Railroad by the appearance of a tremendous snake. The reptile seemed to make its home in a dense swamp near the railroad track. It had been seen by different persons, and the stories of those who saw it were laughed at, despite their earnest protestations of the truth of their statements.

Time and again the reptile was shot at by hunters, but it always managed to get away. The track of the Housatonic Railroad runs through the swamp named. Early one morning the engineer of a passenger train saw a long black object lying across the rails, and he shut off steam and whistled for brakes. While the speed was slackening the engineer saw that it was the snake about which so much had been said, and he pulled the throttle open again, intending, if possible, to run it down and cut it in two; but just before the engine reached it the end of the tail slid off the rail and into the swamp.

Four or five years ago two men were riding in a buggy along a road which skirts the swamp, and saw ahead a dark object lying across the roadway. As they neared it it began to wriggle slowly away, and then it was discovered to be the famous snake. It slowly disappeared beneath the deep underbrush, and the men were certain from the measurement of the ground where they first saw it stretched out that it was over twenty feet in length.

Parties were organized to hunt the reptile down, but without success, and the interest in the snake soon died out.

On Saturday last, two men named Kelly and Smith, both well and favorably known in the neighborhood, went into the swamp with a yoke of oxen and a sled to get a load of wood, the ground being frozen so hard that there was no difficulty in passing over any portion of it in safety, which it would be impossible to do in warm weather. After a little while they came to a large buttonwood tree, which had decayed and fallen to the ground. They discovered that it was hollow, and in order to handle it easily, they applied a woodman's saw to it. After sawing nearly through one part of it the saw grated as though it had struck a stone. They then split the tree, and, to their astonishment, the obstacle which the saw had struck proved to be a bone.

They opened the tree as far as they could find bones, the length opened being twenty-one feet, and the remains proved to be those of the monster reptile so often seen but never captured. The largest bones measured six inches in diameter, and from that tapered down to smaller sizes.

The tail of the snake was found imbedded in the upper part of the tree. There is no doubt that this large tree had been the snake's winter home for many years, and in it he breathed his last.

It is beleived that the last time he was chased, some four years ago, he sought refuge in this tree, and never came out again. The bones and other remains have been preserved, and will be sent to the Society of Natural Science, with a history of the case.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I hav no objeckshun to a man parting his hair in the middle, but I shall allwuss insist upon his finishing up the job bi wearing a short gown and pettikoat.

There iz sutch a thing az too much energy. I have seen thoze who were like a yung hound in the chase, get away ahed of the fox.

There are a grate many roads that lead to heaven, but after yu get thare, only one gateway to enter.

If we would only profit bi our own experiences or the experiences ov others, it would be all most impossible for even lightning to strike us; but rather than do this, we prefer to knok out what fu branes we hav got aginst somebody's stun wall, and then howl about the weakness ov reason or the malice ov fortune.

There iz nothing that we hav got so little ov, and nothing we think we hav got so much ov, az originality.

It iz the little bits ov things that fret and worry us; we kan dodge an elephant, but kan't a fly.

It ain't so much the amount a man knows, az the ability to uze what he duz kno at the right time and place that makes him a power.

I have been trieing to find out for the last forty years at what time ov life a man iz the most phoolish, and just az soon az I find out I will let you kno.

The hardest man to convince iz the one who agrees to everything yu say.

A Girl's Composition on Boys.—Boys is strange things. Boys is of three kinds. The baby boy, the little boy, and the big boy. I don't like the baby boy, because he squalls and kicks, and I have to rock him with a cradle. But if the big boy squalls or kicks, I can rock him with stones. I like the little boy the best when it snows 'cause he can haul me on his sled. A boy is a little man, if he behaves himself, and if he doesn't, he is a little devil; that is what mother said brother Bob was the other day when he told old Mis Smith that mother said she was an old bore. My papa says he was a little boy once, but mother said that she wasn't, and she wishes papa was a little boy some more. Sister Julia says she don't like boys, and when I saw her and Tom Brown a sitting in the rocking chair on Sunday night, she said she was trying to squeeze the life out of him 'cause she didn't like him; but I don't think she was a hurting any place, for he wouldn't let her get up. This is all I know about boys, and mother says she hopes I won't never know any more about them.

The kingdom of God is within you.

The Jews of Russia.

Russia contains a Jewish population of 3,000,000 souls, which is a larger number than is to be found in the rest of Europe. One might, therefore, think that the Russian Government would show more interest in the state of the Jews than any other Government. The reverse, however, is the case, for the laws of the Empire contain a number of narrow-minded restrictions relating to the Jews which in other countries have long since been discontinued.

The Russian Jew possesses no other rights or privileges than those which may be granted to him under exceptional circumstances. Thus the Jews, though subjects of the State, really appear to be aliens, only enjoying the rights of citizenship by way of favor. But, for all that, they have to pay taxes and are liable to military service like the rest of the population. If the Jews wish to enjoy equal rights with other subjects, they have but one alternative—viz., conversion to the orthodox Church. A Jew who, without the sanction of his parents and guardians, wishes to pass over to the Russian Church is by law declared to be of age already at fourteen. A Jew can only obtain the privilege of settling if, for instance, he has been a merchant of the first guild for a certain number of years; that is to say, if he has paid the State a considerable annual "guild tax," or has been in military service, or has studied at a university. In many districts where there is a scarcity of workmen, the Jew easily obtains the right of taking up his residence; but the moment he ceases his labors the police are empowered to remove him from the province where he had been admitted as a necessity.

This measure is very frequently put in force, and the Jew is exiled to his Ghettos in the southern and western parts of the empire. The law goes still further, however. In those districts in which Jews are permitted to live, they form district guilds and at municipal elections the Jewish and Christian populations are divided. Most of the laws in force tend to the conversion of the Jews to the Russian Church. For instance, a law exists, though it is not enforced, stipulating that every Jew who becomes a convert to the Greek Church, whilst a criminal charge is pending against him, shall be declared free of guilt and exempt from all punishment. Before the law, therefore, Judaism is a crime, to renounce which, atones for every misdemeanor. Great corruption is also encouraged by the law relating to domestic life. According to existing laws, a Jew who gets converted can marry a Christian woman, without being divorced from his Jewish wife if he has been previously married. The deserted Jewish wife must support herself and her children and does not possess the right of marrying again.

How He Cut the Knot.

John Eliot, known as the apostle to the Indians, was one of the best of men. There was, however, a curious mixture of clay and gold in his character. When he was appointed minister of the Roxbury Church, 1632, no one cared for the wretched Indians living in the colony.

Eliot learned their language that he might preach the Gospel to them. He translated the Bible for them, and taught them to read it. His zeal made him indifferent to danger and fatigue. Yet the good man had his prejudices. Such was his dislike to wigs and tobacco that he would turn aside to preach against hairless heads being covered with foreign hair, and Christian mouths emitting volumes of smoke.

He was so radical that one of his books, a work of civil government, was condemned for its seditious principles. Yet he was so charitable that his friends had to resort to devices to prevent him from giving.

The parish treasurer once paid him his salary. Knowing his passion, the wise man of business puts the coin into a handkerchief, which he tied into a dozen hard knots.

On his way home the good pastor called to see a poor sick woman. "God has sent you relief," he said, as he tried to untie one of the knots. But the treasurer had done his work well, and Eliot's aged fingers could not extract the smallest coin. He then cut the knots.

"Here, my dear," he said to the woman, handing her the handkerchief, "take it; the Lord designed all for you."

No wonder Cotton Mather said of him, "He that would write of Eliot must write of charity, or say nothing."

Tomatoes First Eaten in America.—"Seaweed," a Newport correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, asks for further information concerning the first eating of tomatoes in America. The correspondent says: It is a Newport tradition that tomatoes were first eaten in this country in about 1823, in a house still standing on the corner of Corne and Mill streets. About that time there came here an eccentric Italian painter, Michele Felice Corne. He bought a stable on the street now called for him, fashioned it into a dwelling house, and there lived and died. Previous to his coming, and long after, tomatoes, then called "love apples," were thought to be poisonous. A gentleman told me to-day that in 1819 he brought them from South Carolina and planted them in his yard, where they were looked upon as curiosities, and prized for their beauty. They became later, however, a very unpleasant missile in the hands of a small boy. A charming old lady also told me to-day that in 1824 she was sitting with a sick person when some one brought in to the invalid as a tempting delicacy some tomatoes. "Would you poison her?" was the exclamation of the astonished attendants; and yet Corne in his section of the town had been serving them for a year previous. As late as 1835 they were regarded as poisonous throughout Connecticut.

Cowper died, aged 69 years.

On Bathing.

Hall's *Journal of Health* don't believe in too much water, for it says on the subject of bathing: "Once a week is often enough for a man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal, or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of the day unless by the advice of a family physician. The best mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once a week washing already mentioned, is as follows: As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck and breast; into the same basin of water put both feet at once for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, etc., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, with mouth shut and chest projecting. Let the whole thing be done in less than five minutes. At night, when you go to bed, and whenever you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hand, so far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which is essential to health, and which too frequent washing will always destroy."

Chicken Soup.—Two young fowls, or one full grown; half pound pickled ham or pork; one gallon water; cut the fowls in pieces, put into the pot with the ham or pork, and one quart of water, or enough to cover them; stew for an hour, or until you can cut easily into the breast; take out the breasts, leaving the rest of the meat in the pot, and add the remainder of the water, boiling hot; keep the soup stirring slowly while you chop up the breasts; rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs smooth, moistening to a paste with a few spoonfuls of soup; mix with these a handful of fine bread-crumbs and the chopped meat, and make it into small balls. When the soup has boiled in all two-and-a-half hours, if the chicken be reduced to shreds, strain the meat and bones; season with salt, pepper, and a bunch of parsley; drop in the balls of force-meat, and after boiling ten minutes incorporate the ingredients thoroughly; add, a little at a time, one pint of rich milk thickened with a little flour; boil up once and serve.

Let me tell you of an amusing device by which you can conceal a present, a Christmas gift in a "Treasure Loaf." Take a well-browned loaf of bread, and with a sharp knife cut a deep vertical incision of a square shape; work the knife under until you can lift off the piece entire and then you can scrape out all the soft part of the loaf. When the crumb is all taken out, wrap up your gift in soft paper and put it into the hollow loaf, and scrape off the crumbs adhering to the lid; then place it in the cup and fasten it with flour paste. Put the loaf in the oven long enough to brown over the joined surfaces, and no one will suspect that the loaf has been touched; and it can safely be sent to any one as a Christmas gift, and not until the knife slips through the outer crust will its recipient have an inkling of its contents.

Indian Light Biscuit.—One quart of sifted Indian meal, a pint of sifted wheat flour, a very small teaspoonful of salt, three pints of milk, four eggs. Butter a sufficient number of cups, or small deep tins; nearly fill them with batter. Set them immediately into a hot oven, and bake them fast. Turn them out of the cups, send them warm to table, pull them open and eat with butter. They will puff up finely if, at the last, you stir in a level teaspoonful of soda, melted in a little warm water.

Apple Charlotte.—Put a layer of bread, cut in thin slices and buttered on both sides, in the bottom of your pudding dish, and on this a layer of apples, cut as for a pie, seasoning with sugar and a dust of cinnamon, alternating the bread and apples until the dish is filled, having a layer of bread on top. Bake one half-hour. If the bread is in danger of becoming too brown and hard, cover with a plate until the apples are cooked. To be eaten with cream.

Meat Loaf.—Chop fine whatever cold meat you may have, fat and lean together; add pepper and salt, one finely-chopped onion, two slices of bread, which have been soaked in milk, and one egg. Mix well together and bake in a dish. This makes a nice tea or breakfast dish.

Brown Bread.—One pint of corn meal, the same of rye, one-half teacupful molasses, and one coffee-cup of sour-milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, and sweet milk or water sufficient to make it soft enough to turn into a pan or dish; cover it tight and steam it four or five hours.

Indian meal should be kept in a cool place, and stirred open to the air once in a while. A large stone put in the middle of a barrel of meal is a good thing to keep it cool.

Those who make candles will find it a great improvement to steep the wicks in lime-water and saltpetre and dry them. The flame is clearer, and the tallow will not run.

Good Buckwheat Cakes.—Stir up about half a gallon of batter, with warm water; then add a little salt; also, half a cup of yeast; next morning add a little soda, and bake.

Lamps will have a less disagreeable smell if you dip your wick-yarn in strong hot vinegar, and dry it.

Clean a brass kettle before using it for cooking with salt and vinegar.

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

Dwight L. Hackett,.....Editor.

SATTRDAY, : : MAR. 29, 1879

List Of Yolo County Postoffices.

Woodland. [county seat]	Louis Walker.
Winters	Lorenzo Moody.
Grafton	S. J. Fryatt.
Yolo	Geo. F. Wherry.
Davisville	L. C. Drummond
Madison	Dr W. E. Fifield
Capay	E. E. Pirkins.
Blacks Station	C. S. Huston.
Dannigan	C. S. Gray.
Plainfield	A. Woldorf.

NEWS ITEMS.

Capital punishment has been restored in Switzerland.

The game law is now in force and will remain until September 15th.

Hayes has nominated Andrew D. White, of New York, as minister to Germany.

There is a prospect of one of the liveliest political debates for many years over the appropriation bills.

Farmers in Sierra Valley are apprehensive that the grasshoppers will entirely ruin their crop this year.

A railroad is being rapidly pushed forward to connect Leadville, Colorado, with the Atchison and Topeka road.

Kearney, the martyr of Santa Ana, is on his way north, and will be likely to visit Yolo before his tour is over.

Earthquakes occurred in northern Persia last week, destroying two villages and causing a great loss of life.

All persons not having their names on the Great Register by April 21st, cannot vote at the Constitutional election.

Wellock has been ignominiously "fired out" of his position as Vice-President of the Workingmen's party of California.

Montgomery Blair is authority for the statement that Gov. Hendricks favors the nomination of Tilden and Hendricks for 1880.

Several Indian chiefs, including the notorious chief Moses, are at Portland, Oregon, en route to Washington, on a visit to the Great Father.

On Saturday last a destructive tornado swept through a portion of the State of Georgia, spreading desolation in its path. The greatest damage was done near Milledgeville.

A large colony, consisting of several hundred families of Danes, Norwegians and Swedes will leave Copenhagen about May 1st, with the intention of settling in California.

While coupling cars at Williams about 4 o'clock Wednesday morning last, G. W. Williams, the conductor, was caught between the cars and severely injured.

The Workingmen will hold their State Convention on the 3d of June in San Francisco. The total apportionment of delegates is fixed at 251, of whom four are from Yolo.

The report of the case of Fitz John Porter has been sent to the President by the Secretary of War. It is thought that it will entirely exonerate him from the charges he has so long been accused of.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* publishes a list of newspapers in this State that have expressed a decided opinion on the new Constitution. Of these, there are 44 for, and 53 against its adoption.

It is said that Geo. C. Gorham intends starting a strictly radical Republican paper in San Francisco, as soon as he recovers his health. John Mackey is reported to be willing to put half a million into the project.

After reading and studying the new Constitution, each voter should ask himself the question, "Will the adoption of this instrument be a benefit to me or not?" and then cast his vote according to the determination he may have honestly arrived at. In this way, and in this way only, can be found on which side lies the greatest good to the greatest number.

Several meetings have been held in the State lately, and one very large one in Sacramento, by the women who entertain the idea that it is a woman's right to exercise the elective franchise. Well, we will say that we believe it perfectly right for any woman to do that which they, after mature deliberation, believe to be right, and if a woman wants to vote she should be allowed to do so.

A lively debate occurred in the U. S. Senate on Monday last, when the new officers of the Senate were nominated. It finally got down to an argument on the real purpose of the Potter Committee, and Senator Hill of Georgia got Blaine in a rather tight place when he asked him if the report of the committee was revolutionary. Blaine evaded a direct answer, and got worsted in the whole debate.

WHERE LIES THE FAULT?

It will not be many weeks before the several parties will hold their primaries to select delegates to their State and County Conventions, where men will be nominated to fill the various offices in the gift of the people. During these primaries there will be scarcely any interest manifested, if we are to judge by the past, but a few professional politicians will get together in each precinct, put up a ticket, tack a test to it, and on the day of the election all the bummers, and a few farmers and business men will vote the ticket thus made for them, while those that oppose the ticket will not vote at all. This will be about the plan that will be pursued by all the political parties. When the respective conventions meet, and the regular nominations are made, we will hear on all sides evidences of dissatisfaction, and many will be so disgusted as to take no further interest. Now we hold that the members of the respective parties, one and all, should take a deep interest in their primaries, and strive to send their best and most honest men to the Conventions, so they can rest assured that none but the best material will be used in making up the tickets to be presented to the people. It has been said that the people, taken as a whole, are always right, and if the deep interest is taken that should be in thus starting the political ball in the right direction, and with the right motive power behind it, there need be no fear of the result. If any of the county conventions fail to put up a good ticket this year, the people can attribute it to the fact that they have as usual failed to take any interest in themselves, and the designing politicians have pursued the plan of looking out for number one.

THE SENATE.

The Senate of the Forty-sixth Congress consists of seventy-six members. There are seventy-five already elected. New Hampshire will remain partially unrepresented until June, when her Legislature meets, and will probably elect a successor to Senator Wadleigh, whos term expired with the Forty-fifth Congress. The political divisions of the Senate are as follows: Democrats 42; Republicans 32; Independent 1. The New Hampshire election will give the Republicans 33, and the Independent—Judge Davis—may as well be counted with the Democrats, when he votes, on all party questions. He pretty fairly declared his preference by voted for Senator Thurman for President pro tem. against Senator Ferry. The real strength of the parties in the Senate may, then, be given at 43 Democrats and 33 Republicans.

DEATH OF GOV. BRADLEY.

Ex-Governor Bradley, of Nevada, died at Elko, on the 21st inst., aged 74 years. A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* pays this tribute to his memory: "There were other men in Nevada who were more cultured and learned than Gov. Bradley; there were richer men, and men more noted in the world at large, but his very roughness made him dear to the people, and his heart was as broad as the State in which he lived. His honesty was a virtue which knew no bounds; he was as true as steel to his friends; he was generous to a fault; he was gentle as a child."

The white residents of Sitka were relieved from their danger of being massacred by the opportune intervention of a British man-of-war. The vessels belonging to the U. S. Navy that were on hand were powerless to offer any resistance to the hostile natives, and it is said that they were held in contempt by the various tribes. The American navy has fewer serviceable vessels for the amount of money that has been expended on them, than any government in the world, and such a state of affairs is a disgrace to the party that has been in power for the past 20 years.

The Republican State Central Committee have decided that the test to be put upon voters at their approaching primaries shall be: "At the coming State election will you vote the Republican ticket?" And this is the party whose members and press are continually raising the cry of the slavery of other parties in voting the straight ticket. Why, one would think, to read some of their party papers, and listen to some of their loudest supporters, that "scratching" was a strictly Republican principle, born of a genuine Radical heart. If submitting this test to their voters is not bulldosing, what is it?

The women of the State are divided on the Constitution question. There have been two representative meetings held by the sex, at one of which they were unanimous in opposition, and at the other they were just as unanimous in its favor.

KALLOCH ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Rev. I. S. Kalloch delivered a lecture in San Francisco last Sunday, on the subject of the new Constitution. In the course of his remarks he said:

The combined influence of monopoly and capital is against it. Capital is not necessarily the enemy of labor, at least sensible capital is not. In many countries capital has been the friend of labor in time of need, and extended a helping hand; but I cannot say this of California capital. It requires intelligent and cultivated capital to understand the needs of the masses; but California capital is ignorant, arrogant, tyrannical and shoddy, and has climbed to prominence by a ladder every rung of which represents an outrage and fraud. I am no agrarian or Kearneyite, and am opposed to the mob element, being well aware that insurrection will recoil most heavily on those who invoke it; but I predict that anarchy and ruin will ensue unless capital takes earnest measures to prevent it by recognizing the rights of the masses. Nowhere in the world is capital so remorseless as in California, the reason for which is obvious. It is the result of gambling, stealing and corruption. Its possessors are men without culture and with no knowledge of economic laws. They regard a man's poverty as his crime, and consider the question of the education of the masses as the dream and delusion of Utopians.

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

When General Grant entered upon the discharge of his duties as President both branches of Congress were overwhelmingly Radical—63 Radical to 9 Democratic Senators, and 104 Radical majority in the House. During the last two years of President Grant's term the Radical majority dwindled down to fifteen in the Senate while the Democrats had a *majority of seventy-seven* in the House: In other words, the Radicals had 170 members and the Democrats 66 during Grant's first two years as President, while for the last two years of his term the Democrats had 184 members and the Radicals but 107 members. This truth of history, the *Cincinnati Commercial* suggests, may by some be attributed to the shotgun policy that was said to prevail in the South during Grant's term, but the "truth of history" doesn't warrant that assertion, as the States of Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania had ninety-three Republican and but twenty-seven Democratic members in the House during Grant's first two years, while for his last two years these same States had but fifty-eight Republican and eighty-one Democratic members—a gain in these States alone of eighty-nine.

We repeat, remarks the Atlanta *Constitution*, the white people of Georgia are satisfied with the situation, and we are quite sure the colored people are. They have every right the whites have. The law is thoroughly impartial. The door of every Court House in the State is open to them. Their educational interests are as closely looked after as in any Northern State. They do not dream of social equality, because their observation teaches them there is no social equality among the mass of whites. They have the right to become candidates for place and hold office, which is more than can be said of their race whom misfortune has compelled to dwell in the Republican States of the North. We hear of no negroes holding office in Ohio, Indiana or Pennsylvania. Two members of the present Georgia Legislature are colored, and they set an example of modest decorum that might be followed by those boisterous legislators who delight to hear their own eloquence.

John M. Coghlan died at his residence in Oakland on Wednesday last, of pneumonia. He represented Napa county in the Legislature in 1863, and was elected to Congress from this District in 1871. He was appointed U. S. District Attorney in 1874, under Van Dyke, and upon the expiration of that gentleman's term of office, he was appointed by Grant to succeed him. He was born in Kentucky in 1835, came to California at an early age and married a daughter of the late Nathan Coombs. Being of a cheerful and genial nature, he leaves a host of friends to mourn his loss. His wife and four children survive him.

Mr. Story, of the Chicago *Times*, is munificent, besides being wealthy. Lately he enlarged the *Times* to mammoth proportions, the office of which is said to be the finest equipped of any newspaper establishment in the world. Now he is building a $100,000 residence in the City of Chicago. The trees which are to be set out in his private park are being transported from Indiana, one of which, a red maple, is described as being two feet in diameter, over sixty feet high, and with a ball of earth attached to its roots nine feet in diameter and three feet thick. There are not many newspaper proprietors in the United States who can indulge in this princely style of living.

On Sunday March 16th Wirt Copsey, aged 12 years, was shot and killed near Lower Lake, by a companion named Chaney, aged 14. Young Chaney mounted a horse and fled, but was captured near Ukiah. Chaney says the shooting was accidental. There were no other witnesses to the deed.

John C. Burch was elected Secretary, Richard J. Bright Sergeant-at-Arms, and E. E. Shober Chief Clerk of the U. S. Senate on Monday last—all Democrats.

A NEW WESTERN ORATOR.

Persons who fear that the day of oratory is over should take a trip to Indiana and attend a session of the State Assembly. That boasts of a member named Willard, to whom was delegated the honor of nominating Mr. Voorhees to the United States Senate, and he prepared himself for the task with the evident intention of excelling the effort of any orator, from Demosthenes to Col: Bob Ingersoll. He began by describing the kind of man that the position required—"a financier whose heart is as cold as the eternal glaciers on the summit of Mt. Blanc to the seductive flatteries of capital; a statesman whose character is the apothesis of political honesty, and whose integrity is as immaculate as the plumage of the dove that descended from the bosom of the Father at the baptism of the Jordan." Pausing a moment to recover from the effect of this outburst he continued:

"Beneath the shade of the encircling elms of Monticello rests in peace the great author of that principle, Thomas Jefferson; where roll in endless summer the bright blue waves of the Chesapeake, in their own loved Virginia, lie buried its great defenders, Monroe and Madison. The plumed palmetto nods in tropical beauty above the tomb of Carolina's gifted orator, John C. Calhoun. The birds that carol in the groves of the Hermitage sing their songs above the mortal remains of the lion-hearted Tennessean, Andrew Jackson. 'By the flow of the inland river' Missouri's greatest statesman, Thomas Hart Benton, 'sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.' The river of poetry and romance, the Susquehanna, as it laps the banks of Lancaster, lulls with its murmur the ashes of Pennsylvania's great diplomatist James Buchanan. By the shores of the mighty lakes a magnificent mausoleum and marble cenotaph pointing heavenward record the virtues of that greatest political leader of them all, 'The Little Giant,' Stephen A. Douglas. Though these supporters of this great principle (the Democratic doctrine) have passed into the illumination of history, though political contests have shaken this country, though wars and revolutions have convulsed this government, this great principle, 'equal and exact justice toward all men, exclusive privileges to none,' fresh as on its natal morn, still remains an eternal bulwark of a nation's liberties, grounded in the hearts of the people, and to-day finds its greatest champion and defender in the idol of Indiana—the next Senator from this State."

FACTS OF VALUE.

That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air overnight.

That clear, boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it from spreading over the fabric.

That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth, also from the hands.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will greatly aid the whitening process.

That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for the purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

That kerosene oil will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

That kerosene will make your tin kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remave stains from, and clean, varnished furniture.

TEACH YOUR BOYS A TRADE.

In every country, notably in every large city, men are always wanting employment without any training to do any particular thing. Ask them what they want to do or what they can do and they cannot tell. They are anxious to earn money without understanding how to earn it. They have neither trade nor vocation, yet they wonder why they are not employed. This has been the case with thousands and tens of thousands here and everywhere during the last five years of dull, hard times, owing partially to the fact that now-a-days boys in cities have not the chance they used to have to engage in mechanical pursuits. Thirty years hence any American father could select a trade for his son or sons and have them learn it thoroughly, so that at maturity they could be skilled workmen. Many men of means put their boys at a trade, that they might, in case of need, gain a livelihood by it. They found out the boy's aptitude for this or that branch of labor or consulted his inclination and set him to learn what he was fitted for or wanted to undertake. This is no longer feasible. A boy cannot, as a rule, exercise any choice. He must accept what offers. The rules of trades unions exclude, indeed prohibit, boys from entering workshops, and many industrial establisments are closed against them in order that places may be kept for skilled workmen from Europe or for half-educated mechanics ever coming to town from the country. This is a serious evil. Certainly Americans should be encouraged, not deterred, from giving their sons useful trades.—*New Yrok Times.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Winters ADVOCATE has re-appeared under the management of Dwight L. Hackett. It is by odds the most readable and best looking paper ever published in Winters.—*Solano Times.*

Dwight L. Hackett, a Napa boy, and for a long time foreman in the Yolo *Mail* office, has become editor and publisher of the Winters ADVOCATE. He made his bow to the public last Saturday, telling the people of Winters and vicinity that he intended to make his paper a success in every particular. Dwight knows how, and will, we are confident, fulfill all the promises he makes.—*Napa Register.*

We have received the first number of the Winters ADVOCATE since it fell under the management of our old friend Dwight L. Hackett. The paper is greatly improved in every respect under the new editor and publisher, and if the good people of Winters do not give it a liberal support, surely they appreciate not things that are good. We extend our hand for a hearty shake, Dwight, and wish you unbounded success in your journalistic venture.—*Napa Reporter.*

This is the way they enjoy themselves in Kansas at sociables, according to a correspondent: "Ten cents to hug any one between the ages of fifteen and sixteen; five cents from twenty to thirty; one dollar to hug another man's wife (costly, but durned enjoyable); old maids, two for a nickel, with a chromo thrown in. The old maids will suffer when the editors attend; two for a nickel is about the size of their pile every time."

FARMERS' & MECHANICS'

STORE.

Main Street,.....Woodland.

CHARMAK & LEVY

Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected stock of

GROCERIES

—AND—

PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

DRY GOODS

—AND—

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

To the People of Winters and Vicinity:

WE DESIRE TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION to the fact that we have bought and taken charge of the popular Corner Store of F. S. FREEMAN & Co., and also that we have

CONSOLIDATED

Our former establishment with the one above mentioned at the

PIONEER STORE,

Corner First and Main Streets,

WOODLAND.

We are now prepared to meet the demands of Farmers in all kinds of Merchandise, including

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Of which we are constantly keeping a Large, Fresh, and well selected stock.

Our prices are lower than any others in the county.

Our terms are easier than any others in the county.

Our facilities are better than any others in the county,

For which reasons we can offer better inducements to farmers than any other firm in the county. It will certainly be to your interest to trade with us when in Woodland, and it shall be our constant aim to prove the above assertions.

Respectfully,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

Corner First and Main Sts., Woodland. mar15

GEO. D. FISKE'S

PIONEER REAL ESTATE

OFFICE OF YOLO COUNTY.

Sales of the office in three years,

OVER HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

Buying and Selling Farms a Specialty.

MONEY TO LOAN

At reasonable rates of interest.

Parties having farms for sale will do well to place them in the hands of the undersigned at once.

Agency of the Pacific Land and Trust Company. Capital, $250,000.

OFFICE, P. O. BLOCK, WOODLAND.

INSURANCE AGENCY

OF GEO. D. FISKE,

Representing the following Companies:

Manager of Yolo County Branch

HOME MUTUAL INS. CO.

OF CALIFORNIA.

Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1878.....$578,085
Liabilities.....5,595

Surplus for Policy Holders.....$572,470

J. F. HOUGHTON, President. CHAS. R. STORY, Sec'y.

CALIFORNIA INS. CO.

FIRE AND MARINE.

THE OLDEST OF ALL THE LOCALS.

Organized Eebruary, 1861. Office, 313 California St., San Francisco.

Capital (Paid Up).....$300,000
Assets.....$515,000

C. T. HOPKINS, President. Z. CROWELL, Secretary.

CONNECTICUT INS. CO.

OF HARTFORD. FIRE ONLY.

The third oldest of all the Hartford Companies.

Assets Paid Up.....$1,388,313 33

The Connecticut never wishes to exceed its assets in any one town or city.

The Connecticut has the largest Assets, to risks in force, of any Company in the United States.

Royal Canadian

OF MONTREAL.

Capital.....$2,000,000.

Losses paid since organized, $3,300,000.

The leading Fire Insurance Company in the Dominion.

South British and National.

OF NEW ZEALAND.

This Company has a Capital of $10,000,000.

Traveler's Accident

INS. CO., OF HARTFORD.

Paid Up Capital,.....$600,000.

Issues Life and Accident Policies.

ASSETS.....$4,316,531.65

New England

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BOSTON.

Working under the Massachusetts Non-Forfeiture law.

Claims paid in this County, over $100,000

The Leading Life Insurance Company of the World Dividends payable annually. All policies non-forfeiting.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

Agent for Winters.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

WINTERS ADVOCATE

ESTABLISHED NOV. 5, 1875

$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

JOB WORK,

BILLHEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS,

VISITING CARDS,

PROGRAMMES,

CIRCULARS,

POSTERS,

And anything in the Printing Line

executed with neatness and dispatch.

AT THE

ADVOCATE

JOB OFFICE.

MAIN STREET, Near FIRST

THE WINTERS ADVOCATE.

Issued at Winters, Yolo county, Cal., every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS:

One Year - in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 25

ADVERTISING RATES:

Per Square, first insertion.....$1 00
Subsequent insertions.....50
Regular advertisements, 1 column, per mo.....12 00
" " ½ " " " 7 00
" " ¼ " " " 4 00
Professional Cards, per month.....1 00
Local Notices, per line, first insertion.....10
Subsequent insertions.....05

LOUIS WALKER, Postmaster, is our authorized agent at Woodland, and all advertisements and subscriptions may be left with him.

POST OFFICE NOTICE

Mail closes daily at the Post office at Winters for Madison and Capay at 11:20 o'clock A. M. daily. For Sacramento, north and east, and San Francisco, south and west, daily at 2:50 o'clock P. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

Post office open from 7 o'clock A. M. to 5 P. M. and 7 o'clock, P. M. to 9 P. M.

ON SUNDAYS.

open from 8 o'clock A. M. to 10 o'clock A. M.

LORENZO MOODY, Postmaster.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A new boot and shoe shop has been opened one door west of the Postoffice.

R. Clark has removed his law office to the building occupied as a Justice's Court.

The Good Templars had a social meeting and supper last night, which was largely attended.

We are informed that there will not be two passenger trains a day over the road until the latter part of next month.

The green peas that were shipped to San Francisco from Mr. North's place last week brought 12½ cents per pound.

Haas & Kauffman have been filling the holes with gravel on Railroad street adjacent to their store. It was a much needed improvement.

R. Clark has prepared an address on the Constitution, giving reasons why it should be adopted, which he intends to publish in pamphlet form.

The gardeners along Putah creek have commenced the shipment of early vegetables to the San Francisco markets, and will soon be doing a heavy business.

A force of men went up to Madison on Thursday morning to lay the track into the bed of Cache Creek, where the V. V. Railroad will get their supply of gravel.

The weather has been of that kind this week which causes the wheat to grow and ye *genus homo* to be afflicted with that species of laziness which is termed "Spring fever."

H. W. Atwell, "Bill Dadd the Scribe," will hereafter devote his attention to the editorial management of the Chico *Enterprise*. Bill Dadd is a fluent writer, and writes good sound sense, too.

Mrs. Fitzgerald will leave for San Francisco this afternoon, where she goes to select a stock of millinery goods, which she will open for the inspection of the ladies of Winters next week.

D. P. Edwards has returned from his Colusa ranch. He reports the crops in that section as looking fine, with the exception of the summer-fallow, which was dried out after the first rains.

There was a social dance given by some of the young men of Winters on Thursday evening, at Sackett's Hall. We return thanks for a complimentary ticket, but were unable to attend. Quite a large number were present, and all had a pleasant time.

The Resolutions of the National Republican Club of Woodland have been distributed all over the county. The idea therein expressed that the Republican party are and always have been anti-Chinese, causes a smile to pass over the countenances of those receiving them.

E. L. Craft, Woodland agent of the Pacific Ice Co., was in Winters this week. Mr. Craft has lately built an ice house in Woodland, with a capacity of twenty tons, and intends to sell ice as cheap as the cheapest. Yolo county people can get their ice from him this summer cheaper than from any other source. He is also agent for the celebrated Billings Soda for this county.

We were shown this week by Mr. Fassett some specimens of gold dust from the hills west of town. They are the result of a few days' prospecting and are worth about $10. Mr. Fassett said if water could be had the diggings would pay good wages, but there is none there and it could not be had except at an enormous expense. The place has been prospected before and quite an excitement was had over the matter some time ago.

House Destroyed.

On Tuesday morning last, about half-past 11 o'clock, the small dwelling occupied by Mr. World, and owned by D. P. Edwards, situated about 250 yards directly west of the Christian Church, took fire, and was completely destroyed. Mrs. World was absent from home at the time, visiting a neighbor, and her little boy, aged about four years, was in the house alone. She says there was no fire in the house at the time, and it is probable that the child procured some matches and accidentally fired the building. The alarm was given by the little boy running screaming from the house, but the flames got such a start that it was impossible to save anything—one chair being the sum total of all that was secured from the flames. Mr. World was at work and knew nothing of it until the house and contents were in ashes.

Useful Invention.

We have been shown by Mr. Geo. Woods of the Occidental Hotel, an invention for which he has secured the right of Monterey, San Benito and Kern counties in this State. It is called Johnson & Fancher's Patent Sad Iron, and is a perfect gem. The iron is heated by a small alcohol lamp which is burned within the iron, thus keeping it hot all the time. Mr. Woods will leave in a few days for the counties above mentioned, and we hope his most sanguine expectations may be more than realized.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Jim Jenks.

WOODLAND, March 19th, 1879.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I took a stroll down to the Court House yesterday and the first man I met was "the watch dog of the treasury" who has guarded Yolo county's money bags so long and yet so well. The fact is, Kean wouldn't steal a cent or miss going to a show any more than he would stick his hand in the fire or vote the Republican ticket.

I next visited the Recorder's office, where I found Treadwell trying to convince Megowan that the nearest anything had ever come to perpetual motion was a woman's tongue, but Mack couldn't see it.

At the Sheriff's office Maltby was explaining to Barney how he expected to reduce taxes after his rose bushes came to maturity by the income the county would receive from the sale of bouquets.

At the Clerk's office, which, by the way, has been fixed up in nice style, I found Dan Burns and his right bower, Nash Brown trying to solve the problem whether Kearney would make the Chinese go or the Chinese make Kearney "git." Superintendent Pendegast was trying to discover the best means to prevent school boys from playing "keeps" when they amuse themselves with marbles. He is afraid that the practice only stimulates the desire for gambling, and if not stopped will make gamblers and horse jockeys of too many of our bright youths.

The County Assessor and his deputy were studying the new Constitution. John said he had heard that there was a clause in it making it the duty of the Assessor to tax Chinamen ten dollars a head, and make them pay on the spot or annihilate them if they refused, and he believed it ought to be collected this Spring, for fear the new Constitution might not pass, and it would be a good thing to make the heathens ante up anyhow.

I did not see Judge Bush. They told me that he had gone over to the house to have a romp with the baby.

As I was about to leave, I noticed our County Attorney brushing up his new silk steeple picker, preparatory to a promenade up town, and as I am very partial to good company I proposed to join him. By the way all the ladies say that getting married has greatly improved Charley's appearance, and they think it would be a good idea for several more old bach's to go and do likewise. As we passed down the smoothly gravelled walk, bordered on either side with a nice, well-kept lawn and beautiful evergreens, I could not help but to admire the taste with which everything was arranged and cared for, and fet that the people of Yolo county were under great obligations to Sheriff Barney and Under Sheriff Maltby for surrounding the old Court House with such a delightful little park. It has few equals in the State.

I see by the papers that several counties are selecting their officers and preparing to hold county fairs this Fall, and there seems to be no good reason why Yolo, one of the richest counties in the State, should not also hold a county fair here at Woodland. We have nice grounds and one of the best speed tracks in the State, within a short distance of town, and all that is necessary to have one of the best fairs in the State is for the business men and farmers to take hold of the matter and form the necessary organization. Hundreds of people go every year to Sacramento to the State Fair, paying out thousands of dollars for transportation and other expenses, a large share of which might be kept here at home. Who, then, will make a move in this matter? It only wants some one to take hold and start the ball rolling, when others will fall into line, and Yolo county can have as successful a county fair as any of her sister counties. The objection raised by some that we are too close to Sacramento is all nonsense. We have all the elements here for a first-class fair, and our holding it would not detract one iota from the State Fair, for all our best exhibitors would attend both. Some one may ask what benefit it would be to have a county fair? It would stimulate stock raisers to import their stock; it would inspire farmers to raise a better quality of produce; it would afford an opportunity for all the farmers and business men in the county, with their families, to come together without much expense and exchange views on the best implements for use, the most profitable kinds of seeds, the most desirable breeds of stock, and a thousand other things that are of benefit and profit to discuss in order that the best may be selected. A county fair would afford an opportunity for all this and much more, and besides furnishing a pleasant recreation for all classes.

There is quite a strife among our merchants to see who can procure the best looking clerks, those that young ladies like to trade with. Nickelsburg thinks he's got 'em, Charmak knows he has, Dick Forrester says he isn't afraid to put Bill against the best of 'em, while Alexander is satisfied he now has and always has had the *creme de la creme*. Even the Woodland Bank is trying to increase business in the same way.

Don't forget to come over and see "Esther the Beautiful Queen," next Tuesday and Wednesday, and bring all your friends; it's the biggest thing yet.

JIM JENKS.

A Letter from Jim's Sister.

WOODLAND, March 25th.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I see that brother Jim has seen fit to drop you a few lines. It seems to me as though the female portion of the family should be heard from. As I am a lone orphan, I think Jim Jenks does not treat me right in not letting me put a postscript to his letters. I suppose, though, he imagines that, like most of the female persuasion, my postscript would exceed in length and capacity the body of his letter. I will not be cheated, for I am determined I will write a communication, postscript and all, even if I have to sacrifice all Jim's wife's relations in the attempt. I suppose that Jim is a member of the Sazarac Club, and as such would be more suitable as a newspaper correspondent than a lone woman who will tell the truth though the heavens fall.

Our town appears to be very lively in a business point of view; everybody seems to be anticipating a bountiful harvest and plenty of money.

Us girls have commenced re-modelling our old hats and dresses, preparatory to getting ourselves ready for invitations to Spring picnics. Now if the boys do not come around and ask us out, I just won't go to any of their old picnics. I'll stay at home and flirt with the good-looking drummers that visit our town. I'll—I'll do something desperate, I know I shall.

I declare, no, I'll swear by sombody's sunburnt hand, that if the Winters folks want to see something gorgeous, they should not miss Queen Esther. I am satisfied that even Mark Twain's deaf cynic would indulge in a convulsive te-he, if he could but see us rehearsing. Why, upon my soul if a person can move without getting on the bunion of some prince or disarranging the tinsel trappings of some royal Persian. In fact, us poor mortals, who are suffering with the prevailing epidemic, can hardly sneeze without befouling some royal garment or disturbing his majesty's privacy.

Well, I must close, or I won't have any room for my postscript. I know that I'll get a good scolding when Jim sees this, but then I'd like to know if I haven't some rights as well as other folks. Now if Jim says anything me that hurts my sensitive nature, I'll tell his wife how he used to spark Susie Smith and how soft he was on Bessie Jones.

So short, JANE JENKS.

From Pleasant Valley.

PLEASANT VALLEY, March 26th.

EDITOR ADVOCATE:—I send you a few items of interest from this section, which may be of interest to your readers.

The prospects for good crops were never better in this valley than at the present time. Although the late heavy rains cut up the roads badly, they are now in a passable condition. Messrs. H. and W. Brinck, and G. W. Thissell have been working the county road so it is a great deal better than it was last year.

The District School will open in a few days, with W. H. Price as teacher.

The flour mill is running daily, and is doing good work. We advise all to give it a trial.

We have church on the first and third Sunday of every month, Rev. T. H. Duke acting as pastor.

The many friends of Mrs. Harris will be pleased to learn that she is recovering from her recent illness.

The marriage of G. W. Thissell, Jr. and Miss Nettie J. Demaree was one of the pleasantest affairs of the season. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. H. Duke, and many were the congratulations extended to the happy couple. On Monday evening last a reception was given the newly wedded pair at the residence of G. W. Thissell, Sr. About twenty-seven couples were present, and all enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent.

A. HAROLD.

The Cantata.

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings next the cantata of "Esther the Beautiful Queen" will be produced in Woodland by local talent and will no doubt be as great a treat as has been offered to the citizens of Yolo county for a long time. The management have spared no pains to make it a success, which it doubtless will be. All the performers will be attired in costumes of Oriental magnificence, which have been especially prepared for the occasion. The chorus consists of eighty voices, who will be assisted by a full orchestra. All who can spare the time should make it a point to attend one of the renderings, and we know no one will be disappointed.

There has been an erroneous idea formed by some that the single rendering of the cantata will require two evenings. It will be given entire on Tuesday evening, and repeated on Wednesday evening.

Narrow Escape.

Putah Creek is a dangerous stream to ford at this season of the year, as the channel is constantly changing and the bed is filled with quicksand, besides the current being very swift. A man by the name of Cradwick tried to cross the creek one day last week, near the place where the picnic party got a scare. The horses and wagon were turned completely over by the current two or three times, while the driver hung on for dear life. They were finally swept down stream a considerable distance, and luckily into shallow water, when they managed to extricate themselves from the perilous situation. During the time they were in the water, Mr. Cradwick got hold of the harness on one of horses, and clung tenaciously during the whole time until reaching the shallow water.

A Card.

VACAVILLE, March 25, 1879.

TO THE LADIES:—I would inform the ladies of Winters and vicinity that I have arranged to spend two days in each week in Winters, beginning with April 1st and 2d, at the house of A. H. Brunson, with a fine assortment of trimmed hats and millinery goods, where I shall be pleased to see any who are in need of new and fashionable Spring Millinery.

Very Respectfully,

L. M. LAWRENCE.

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORICAL ATLAS OF YOLO COUNTY.

We are preparing to illustrate and describe your County. The plan of this work is to represent by language and pictures its most important features, as shown in residences, Farms, Mills, Mines, Schools, Churches, Hotels, and Business Houses, which of themselves are monuments to the taste and prosperity of the community in which they are situated and which no written description can portray.

The illustrations are to be made from original sketches drawn on the spot by Artists of the first ability. All sections of the country will be visited, and the owners of prominent places deemed worthy of representation will be invited to have them prepared for the work. Similar works issued in other Counties have received the cordial support and generous patronage of leading citizens interested in the welfare and prosperity of their respective localities.

We have arranged for the publication in our work of the official maps of the county, thus supplying a long felt want by placing in the hands of every subscriber a copy of the map, which will be well drawn and lithographed and divided into six sections. Each section will contain six Congressional Townships and be sixteen by twenty-six inches in size.

Our aim will be to spread abroad reliable information relative to your County. The work will contain a large amount of Historical, Descriptive and Statistical matter of value and interest to all residents, and will be suitable for any parlor or library, and one which all citizens may feel proud to show to their friends at home and abroad as a representation of the enterprise, business and wealth of the County.

DE PUE & Co., Publishers.

Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland.

OFFICE OF

Haas & Kauffman,

DEALERS IN

GEN'L MERCHANDISE

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

WINTERS, CAL.

TO THE FARMERS:

We beg to inform you that we have opened business in this town, with a very extensive and well-assorted stock of General Merchandise, which we offer at the LOWEST PRICES, and would most respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

Our MR. HAAS, who is constantly in the city, will promptly attend to all orders entrusted to us.

Liberal advances will be made by us on consignments of Grain, Wool, and other produce, for which we can assure our customers the highest market prices.

With the intention of establishing a permanent business at this point, and identifying ourselves with your best interests, our motto will be, "HONEST DEALING."

We confidently look for your assistance to enable us to build up a lasting business.

In order to make room for our

Spring Stock,

We will sell for the next **30 DAYS** Dry Goods, Cothing, etc.,

For 65 Cents on the Dollar.

HAAS & KAUFFMAN.

WINTERS, Mar. 22d, 1879.

San Francisco Office, 515 Market Street.

T. M. PRIOR,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

Main Street, Woodland.

mar15

BANK OF WOODLAND.

Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
F. S. FREEMAN.....Vice-President.
C. W. BUSH.....Cashier.

Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.

Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

W. P. WOMACK,

CONSTABLE.

Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.

Will attend to the collection af accounts.

WINTERS, CAL.

NEW STORE,

MAIN STREET, WINTERS.

FINE SUPPLY OF FAMILY GROCERIES. Bed-rock prices, Everything marked in plain figures. Cash on produce only. By this method we sell cheaper by 25 per cent. than can any man who sells on a year's credit. Try us.

ELLIOTT & CO.

c 10-8-tf

I. A. BUTZ,

Merchant Tailor.

Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

THE CANTATA

—OF—

"QUEEN ESTHER"

Will be given at

Washington Hall,

WOODLAND,

Tuesday and Wednesday Evn'gs.,

APRIL 1ST AND 2D.

There will be a full Orchestra and a Chorus of 80 voices in full and ancient costumes, representing the Persian Court during the reign of King Ahasuerus. The King, Queen and Maids of Honor, Haman, Zerish and Attendants, the High Priest, Scribe, and Guards will appear in the most elegant costumes ever seen in Woodland.

COMPLETE LIBRETTOS at G. W. Greene's Jewelry and Music Stoore, Woodland.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, performance commences at 8.

ADMISSION, $1.00.

M. C. PALMER,

AT

BOGGS' OLD STAND,

KEEPS A FULL LINE OF

Groceries, Etc.

HIGHEST MARKET PRICE

PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE.

W. T. BELL, M. D.,

[University of Pennsylvania.]

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office at Drug Store. Residence South of Presbyterian Church, WINTERS, Yolo Co., Cal.

W. E. FIFIELD,

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. Professional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,

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Office over Mack Webber's Drug Store. Residence, Second St., between Lincoln and Oak Avenues.

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MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate Cases.

Excelsior Block, Woodland.

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First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL.

R. FORRESTER,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods

—AND—

Clothing.

Main Street, Woodland.

THOMAS & HUNT,

Buyers of and Dealers in

Grain and Wool.

OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,

Main Street,.....Woodland.

C. W. PROCTOR,

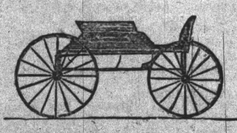
PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland.



Otago & Mcleod,

BLACKSMITHS and WAGON-MAKERS.

WAGONS MADE AND REPAIRED. BLACKSMITHING in all its varied branches done with neatness and dispatch, and second to none. Call and see them. MAIN STREET, Winters. j 1-9-tf.

French Restaurant.

WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.

TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,

B. DENNERY, Prop.

ALLEN'S

BARBER SHOP,

Railroad Street, adjoining the Occidental Hotel.

Where he is prepared to do all work in his line, and hopes by

STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS,

To merit Public Patronage.

Ladies' and Chidren's HAIR CUTTING AND SHAMPOOING

HARLING, LOWRY & CO.,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain and Wool.

All Goods Sold on a

CASH BASIS!

—AND AT THE—

LOWEST MARKET PRICES

Golden State Mills,

MADISON, YOLO CO., CAL.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO FIRST-CLASS Milling, at lowest rates.

Flour, Grain, Corn Meal, Ground Feed, etc.

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Parties at Winters and Vacaville will find it to their interest to do their milling at Madison. All orders addressed to GOLDEN STATE MILLS will receive prompt attention.

S. WOOTEN & SONS.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Winters and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

NO CHINESE COOKS EMPLOYED.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

KEEPS ON HAND FIRST-CLASS GOODS, AND is prepared to do work in the latest styles and at living rates. a 31-8-tf.

PARKER HOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., BET. MAIN AND RUSSELL, WINTERS.

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS

At Reasonable Rates.

AT THE BAR

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND THE CHOICEST

WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

AND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATRIAL.

ELMIRA, SOLANO CO., WINTERS, YOLO CO., and MADISON, YOLO CO., CALIFORNIA.

☞ All our stock purchased direct from the manufacturers.

DR. SPINNEY,

NO. 11, KEARNEY ST., S. F.

Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases.

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFfect of youthful follies or indiscretion, will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal Weakness, or private disease of any kind or character, which he undertakes and fails to cure

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of 30 to 60, who are troubled with too frequent avacuation of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits, a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin, milkish hue, again changing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs.

OFFICE HOURS—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays, from 10 to 11 A.M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

Call on or address

DR. SPINNEY & CO.,
No. 11 Kearney street, San Francisco.

Notice

TO STOCKHOLDERS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of the Buckeye Grangers' Warehouse Association for Election of Directors will be held at the office of said Association on the FIRST SATURDAY IN APRIL, 1879, at 10 o'clock A. M.

WM. SIMS, President.

VENABLE MORRIS, Secretary.
Dated, Winters, March 12th, 1879. td

Practical Science.

The gradual mode of seasoning is the most favorable to the strength and durability of timber.

Wire ropes newly tarred or greased have about forty per cent. less rigidity than untarred ropes.

When the fibers of materials cross each other, friction is less than when they run in the same direction.

Under the pressure of the atmosphere alone the temperature of water cannot be raised above its boiling point.

A vulcanized india-rubber belt will sustain a greater stress than leather, added to which its resistance to slipping is from 50 to 85 per cent. greater.

In high-speed belting the tension, or the breadth of the belt, should be increased in order to keep the belt from slipping. Long belts are more effective than short ones.

Timber freshly cut contains about 37 to 48 per cent. of liquids. By exposure to the air in seasoning one year it loses from 17 to 25 per cent. and when seasoned it yet retains from 10 to 15 per cent.

A good waterproof cement is made by dissolving five parts of gelatine in hot water, and adding one part of chromate of lime; the cement must be kept in vessels which are well shielded from light.

Charring or pointing timber is highly injurious to any but seasoned lots, as it effectually prevents the drying of the inner part of the wood, in consequence of which fermentation and decay soon take place.

New Remedies describes the following easy method of making a hole in plate glass: Make a circle of clay or cement rather larger than the intended hole; pour some kerosene in the cell thus made, ignite it, place the plate upon a moderately hard support, and with a stick rather smaller than the hole required, and a hammer, strike a rather smart blow. This will leave a rough-edge hole, which may be smoothed with a file. Cold water is said to answer even better than a blow.

A new fuel, formed of the residuum of petroleum and coal tar, mixed to the consistency of molasses, is expected to produce great results in all industries in which wood and coal are now used to produce heat. An experiment recently at the Brooklyn navy yard resulted in the generation of 5,000 deg. of registered heat, which melted pig-iron in ten minutes, instead of two hours, and liquefied glass in two hours, instead of sixteen. It is claimed as a steam-producer, it will save $5,000 in a single trip across the Atlantic, in a saving of freight room. Of course such an invention will be thoroughly tested.

The Queen of the Fairies.

The late Duchess of Gordon, says an English paper, taking an airing alone in her carriage, in a remote part of the Scottish highlands, observed at some distance from the road a neat cottage surrounded by a garden. Her grace pulled the check-string, and asked the servants to go around with the carriage to where she desired them to stop, while she crossed the moor to pay the cottage a visit. The duchess happened to wear a pelisse trimmed with gold lace, and her hat was ornamented with golden spangles. A girl about twelve years old, the only person in the cottage, was spinning at the wheel and singing a merry strain. As soon as her eyes caught the figure of the duchess approaching, the green dress, the shining appearance of the hat, on which the sun shone, the singularity of such a visitant in so lonely a situation, all so worked on the imagination of the little girl that she verily believed the queen or the fairies had come to reveal to her some fearful mystery of fate. In great terror she escaped to a back closet, where, through a small aperture, she could see without being seen. The supposed fairy queen entered, surveyed the apartment with a curious eye, and then seeing the wheel, bethought herself of trying to spin. She gave the wheel several turns, but could not make a tolerable thread, though she twisted up all the carded wool she could find. As some compensation for any injury her awkwardness might have occasioned, her grace tied a crown piece in a handkerchief that lay upon the table, fixed it to a spoke of the wheel, and departed. The girl could not summon courage to venture from her hiding-place before her father and sister came in, nor till some time after could they extract from her an explanation of the extraordinary state of perturbation in which they found her.

Their surprise was scarcely less than hers when they were informed that somebody who could be no other than the queen of the fairies, for she was all in green and gold, and shining bright as the sun, had come into the house, and seeing no one there, had fallen to bewitching the wheel which, as sure as fairies were fairies, would never go again.

"And see," continued the young enthusiast, pointing to the handkerchief tied to the spoke, "something which she had left."

The father untied the handkerchief, and the sight of the sterling piece of coin which it contained soon dispelled from his mind all suspicion as to the terrestrial attributes of the lady who had been honoring his cottage with a visit. The women of the cottage, however were of a very different opinion. With them the lady could be no other than the fairy queen, who must doubtless have come to tell poor Isabel her fortune; the spoiled thread was a sign that the first days of her life would be marked with disappointment and sorrow, and the crown piece tied in a handkerchief to the spoke of the wheel betokened that she would in the end arrive by honest industry to wealth and comfort. Harmless delusion! It lasted but for a day. Sunday came, and the appearance of the queen of the fairies, in the same dress at church as the duchess of the manor, convinced even Isabel that she had been deceived.

A newspaper of January 8, 1821, mentions an extraordinary performance by the postmaster of Lismore, Ireland, then in his ninety-seventh year. He traveled for a wager from that town to Fermoy, in a Dungarvan oyster tub, drawn by a pig, a badger, two cats, a goose, and a hedge-hog, with a large, red nightcap on his head, a pig driver's whip in one hand, and, in the other, a common cow's horn, which he blew to encourage his team and give notice of this new mode of posting.

Do not call ill names. Thou shalt avoid all anger, hatred and bitter language. Thou shalt not speak of injuries.—*Buddhist Commandments.*

Indian Stories of Early Times.

In the olden time Indians did not, as they sometimes do not now, take kindly to immigrants who settled upon their hunting-grounds. Like the Anglo-Saxon, they loved broad acres, revered "vested rights," and defended both against the encroachments of white men who held to

> "The good old rule and simple plan,
> That he should take who has the power,
> And he should keep who can."

The relation between the two was not such as ought to exist between landlord and tenant. The Indian looked upon the settler as a "squatter," whom it was right to eject, not only from the land, but from the earth. The bold "tenant at will" had to be constantly on his guard; for a summary "notice of ejectment" might be served at any moment by a posse of painted savages.

About the first thing done by a band of immigrants locating in an Indian country was to build a fort or block-house. Then, within a mile or less of this refuge, they scattered their log huts. One of these old forts now remains, though in a ruined condition, and associated with it is a romantic story of frontier life.

In those Indian days to which the story refers, the fort was a substantial building, with brick sides in a wooden casing. It would have been taken for the large dwelling house of a prosperous settler but for the many loop-holes cut on each side.

The family who lived in it, several men and one woman, kept it always prepared to receive "company"; for no one could tell when the Indians might call.

One bright morning, when not a cloud was to be seen, the men left early to work in the fields, leaving Betty, the woman, to attend to the fort. For several hours nothing disturbed the monotony of her work, save her own singing of cheerful thoughts as she went to and fro on her household duties.

When scrubbing and washing of dishes had emptied the water-pail, she went to the well to fill it. Looking down the road, she saw afar off a dark object moving toward the settlement. Thinking it the loaded team of some farmer, she went back to the fort, and resumed her work and singing.

In the course of a few minutes, moved by a natural impulse, she poked her head out of the door to see how far the team had progressed. To her horror she saw a band of Indians only a short distance off making straight for the fort.

Not a white man was in sight, for every one, together with the women and children of the settlement, had been lured by the beautiful day into the fields.

In an instant she took in the situation. If she attempted flight, she would be captured before she could run a hundred rods. To be captured was death—the surrender of the fort. She would stay in the fort, and alone fight the savages until the men, alarmed by the firing of guns, came to her aid.

With a bang the oaken door swung shut, and down went the heavy wooden bar. Going from loop-hole to loop-hole, she placed a loaded musket by each one.

The terrible war-whoop startled her for a moment. Then her voice rang out loud and clear, "Here, Jim, George, Henry, John, Bill! Don't you hear? Bill, stand by that hole! Jim, you take that gun!"

Two guns were fired, and then the voice called out, "George, shoot that big Injun! Henry, aim for the chief!"

Two more bullets went whizzing among the Indians.

They were taken aback. They had supposed the fort deserted, save by the woman. But it was full of men. Another shout, another bullet, and this time it had hit one of them. They hesitated to advance. Bullet after bullet whizzed, and two more men were wounded.

Then they turned and fled, and when the men came running to the fort, the brave woman had scarcely strength to unbar the door.

A long time after this brave defense, a farmer, living near the fort, started one morning to mow. As was usual in those days, he carried his musket with him. He had a special reason for being on his guard, for a certain Indian had become his personal enemy.

On arriving at the hay-field, he leaned his gun against a tree, threw off his coat, sharpened his scythe, and began mowing.

As, swinging his scythe, he drew near the lower end of the field, he saw an Indian crouching behind a row of bushes. The farmer was a cool man, and swung his scythe as steadily as if he had seen nothing.

Looking again, he saw that the Indian was his enemy. In one hand he held a tomahawk, while a scalping-knife was stuck in his belt. The farmer knew that if he attempted to run for his gun, the swift-footed Indian would be upon him before he had gone a hundred feet. Self-possession was his protection.

He moved up to the bushes, and then turned, swinging his scythe as if anxious to reach the end of his swath.

Waiting until the mower had departed two or three rods from the bushes, the Indian moved noiselessly through the bushes and crept after the farmer.

But with every swing of the scythe, the farmer, glancing cautiously over his left shoulder, had taken in the position of his cat-like enemy.

Nearer crept the stealthy savage. One step more, and he would be upon the mower. Raising his tomahawk, he braced himself for the spring, and—fell on the ground, dead.

The farmer, with all his strength, had swung his scythe, with its point inclined up, completely around. It wounded the Indian so that he fell dead.

Henry Ware died in the prime of manhood. When the last hour was approaching, the thoughts and visions that had wrapped and entranced his mind when writing the majestic poem, seemed to come back to him again. His mind went up, up to the golden circles and zones, and wandered again among the stars. "My mind," he said, "is crowded with precious thoughts of death and immortality. I feel like one who views the parting of the clouds on a dark night. Star after star begins to appear in the space beyond; and the stars I see are but the sentinels of the radiant myriads yet to be revealed.

Whatever love forbids, do not; whatever love enjoins, do. Know no law but the one law of love. And so begin on earth the life of liberty and peace and joy which can only be consummated when death takes off the clay of the hampering body, and you become like the angels of God in heaven.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The Panama steamer had about 6000 barrels, and the cargo for China is about twice that amount. At the moment there is no export demand. The local trade is dull and under the decline in wheat the market is weak and tending lower. Country grades superfine are offered at less than $4.00.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 50@$4 00; Superfine, $4 12½@$4 25; extra superfine, $4 37½@$4 50; choice and extra choice, $5 00 @$5 25; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75 @ $5 00.

WHEAT—Excepting a little spurt on Wednesday and Thursday the week has been a quiet one. During those ten days nearly 100,000 centals changed hands. Markets on the other side are duller and lower again. Here holders are willing sellers now. Indeed, they are somewhat anxious about off grades. The desire to clean up out of the way of the big new crop to come next July is general. The market is dull and weak at lower prices.

We quote superfine, $1 50@$1 55; fair to choice milling, $1 60@$1 67½; shipping, $1 60@$1 65.

BARLEY—The business of the week has been small. Little comes in and that goes on board ship for Australia. The local demand is light, and the market rather dull and weak.

We quote feed, 70c @ 75c (all gold); brewing, $1 00@$1 15; chevalier, $1 10 @$1 70.

CORN—The demand has not been active, but a slight improvement on the past. The feeling is better and the undertone is quite strong. Large Yellow has sold at an advance, and it is possible it may go still higher. Small Yellow is steady. White is nominal in the absence of sales; it is probably worth $1.00.

We quote yellow, 95c@1 02½; white, 95c@$1 00.

OATS—The week has been a very dull one, very few sales and these at low prices, some as low as 87½c. Stocks of common feed are large, and for these there seems to be no inquiry. Choice feed and milling are in light supply, and while there is not an active demand, holders are firm for full prices. Surprise is held at $1 50.

We quote milling at $1 40@1 45; good to choice feed, $1 25@$1 30; common to good feed, $1 00@$1 20.

RYE—The inward movement is larger. The demand is very light, and the market weak. We now quote Coast at 97½c.

BUCKWHEAT—There is no movement, and the market is nominal. For all grades we quote 1 20@$1 50.

MILLSTUFFS—The market is easy as previously quoted.

Bran, per ton	12 00@13 00
Middlings, per ton	17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	21 00@22 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	17 00@19 00

HOPS—The streets of New York are full of drummers offering fair hops at 3@5c. The highest price from exporters is 8c. Here there is nothing doing; in some cases poor lots are thrown away, literally so.

We quote California 5@8c; Oregon and Washington Territory 2@6c.

WOOL—New clip is coming in from the south in good condition. No sales yet.

We quote: Northern, Fall, 10@17½; Southern, Fall, 8@13c; northern, choice, 21@22c; northern, fair to good, 19@20c; southern, fair to good, 14@18c; Eastern Oregon, 18c; Valley 20@22.

BUTTER—Receipts are very large, but so is the demand at ruling rates. There is some tendency towards accumulation, and the market is weak and may go lower. Dairies are now packing considerable, and this may check the inward movement sufficient to hold prices where they are.

CHEESE—Receipts are small and under a fair demand stocks do not accumulate.

EGGS—Receipts are about the same as last reported, but mostly of California stock, a few Western, Oregon and Salt Lake. The demand is very active and stocks are kept well down.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 20@21c; common to good roll, 15@19c; Cheese, California, 10@12½c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ℔ lb: California Eggs, 19@20c.

HAY AND STRAW.—Supplies are larger than the demand and the market dull at a big decline.

We quote: Wheat, good to prime, ℔ ton $10 00@$13 00; wheat, fair to medium, $8 00@$9 00; oats, wild, ℔ ton, $6 50@ $10 50; barley, choice, $8 50@$10 00; barley, ℔ ton, $6 00@$7 50; stock, $6 00@ $7 00: straw, ℔ bale, 60@70c.

PROVISIONS — Receipts are mostly of hams. The market is quiet but firm.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvassed C. S. C. Hams, 10@ 12½c, as to brand; California Lard, 8@8½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 7@ 9c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ℔ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ℔ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ℔ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH.—The market is very dull. Hardly any new contracts are making; what little business is done is at previous rates, say $1 15, standard brands; those without reputation at less. Stocks of old in this city are mostly 2-lb. and outside brands. There is little Columbia river on hand, and that is said to be rapidly reducing. The same may be said of stocks in Australia. In England Lent has created a better demand, and prices are a little better.

We quote, $1 00@$1 12½ for 1-lb tins; bbl, $11; hf bbl, $6 00; all as to quality, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ℔ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ℔ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ℔ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00 @$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

POTATOES—The week has been a very dull one in this line. Dealers have confined themselves to jobbing lots to supply daily needs. Good to choice sell at 90c @$1 00, and very few at higher prices. Humboldts, choice are scarce and generally held at $1.10 @ 1.15, or even higher. Rivers sell at 50@60c. The undertone to the market seems soft. The stock in the State is large for the season. The new crop is of good promise, and will be here in quantity before the old ones are all gone. Early Rose, and other varieties for seed are dull and lower, no demand.

We quote: Choice, 90c @ $1 00; Good, 80@85; Fair, 60@ 70c; Poor, 50@55c; Onions, $10 00: Sweet, $1 50@$2 00.

LIVE STOCK AND MEATS—Hogs are firm and other kinds steady.

We quote: Beef, first quality, dressed net, ℔ lb 6½@7c; beef, second quality, dressed net, ℔ lb 4¾@5c: beef, third quality, ℔ lb 4@4½c; mutton, choice, dressed, ℔ lb 3½@5; hogs, first quality, gross, ℔ lb 3⅞@4c; hogs, second quality, gross, ℔ lb, 3⅝@3¾c, hogs, dressed, ℔ lb, 5¼@5½c; hogs, dressed, 2d quality, 5c; veal, small, ℔ lb, 7@8c; veal, large, ℔ lb, 6@7c; lamb, spring, ℔ lb, 10@12c.

BEANS, DRIED PEAS—The market is quiet with no quotable change.

Lima, ℔ 100 lbs, $4 25@$4 50; Red, ℔ 100 lbs, $1 40@$1 50; Pink, ℔ 100 lbs, $1 40@ $1 50; Bayos, ℔ 100 lbs, $1 62½@$2 00; Small, white, ℔ 100 lbs, $2 75@$3 00; Dried Peas, sweet, —@—; Dried Peas, Blackeye, $1 00@$1 50; Dried Peas, small white, $1 00 @$1 50; Dried Peas, field pea, $1 00@$1 50.

BAGS AND BAGGING—The market is quite active at previous prices.

We quote: Machine-sewed, 22x36, 9c; Hand-sewed, 22x36, 9c; Gunnies, as to weight, 13½c; Oat bags, favorite sizes, 14@15c; Wool sacks, heavy, 50@52½c; Wool sacks, light, 47½@50c; Flour bags, ½-sacks, 5@6c; Flour bags, ¼-sacks, 9@10c.

POULTRY—Under small receipts the market has ruled quite steady. Turkeys are a little dearer.

We quote: Turkeys, dressed, 16@21; turkeys, alive, ℔ lb 16@20c; Hens, ℔ doz, $7 00@$8 00; Roosters, ℔ doz, $7 00@$7 50; Broilers, small and large, ℔ doz, $5 00@ $5 50; Ducks, small and large, ℔ doz, $7 00 @$9 00; Geese, ℔ pair, $2 50@$3 00.

A violent anti-tobacco lecturer recently made the astounding statement that there were 1,859,143,000 cigars made in this country last year, and if they were all laid end to end, they would encircle the globe five times. Well, land alive, what if they would? That's no argument against smoking. There were twenty times so many loaves of bread and biscuit baked in this country last year, and if they were all piled up in one straight column the pile would stick out on the other side of the moon like a distillery stack; but that wouldn't prove that eating bread was a soul-destroying, body-killing, vicious habit, and the baking of it a lawless and nefarious business, would it?

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Every function is deranged, every nerve unstrung, every muscle and fiber weakened by fever and ague. It is, in fact, a disease which, if unchecked, eventually wrecks the system. In all its types, in every phase, it is dangerous, destructive. Stupor, delirium, convulsions, often attend it, and cause swift dissolution. But when combatted with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters its foothold in the system is dislodged, and every vestige of it eradicated. That benign anti-febrile specific and preventive of the dreaded scourge is recognized not only within our own boundaries, but in tropic lands far beyond them, where intermittents and remittents are fearfully prevalent, to be a sure antidote to the malarial poison and a reliable means of overcoming disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, of which a vitiated torrid atmosphere and brackish miasmatainted water are extremely provocative. All emigrants and travelers should be supplied with it.

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Percheron Horses.

Mr. Sackrider, the well known importer of Percheron or Norman horses, is still at the stables of Tinkham, corner of 12th and Webster sts., Oakland, Cal., with a fine lot of these celebrated draught horses. Farmers and others, interested in fine horses, should improve the present opportunity of procuring one of these valuable animals. Crossed with the native mares of this State they will doubtless get the finest style of horses for draught and speed in the world. Don't fail to see them.

The Spencer Pianos.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the recent introduction of the *Spencer Piano*. This is really a first-class instrument manufactured expressly for this Coast, of the best material and workmanship. For beauty of finish, sweetness and volume of tone it is unsurpassed. We do not hesitate in saying that it is not only the cheapest, but one of the best pianos in the market. Address F W. Spencer & Co., 23 Fifth St., San Francisco, Cal.

Edison's Electric Pen.

At the last session of Congress a law was passed making Electric Pen matter Third-Class, and permitting it to pass through the mails at the rate of one cent for each two ounces, or fractional part thereof, when prepaid. E. A. Dakin, Gen'l Agent, 215 Sansom St., San Francisco.

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WONDERS NEVER CEASE.—The spiritual manifestations given by Mrs. E. W. Lennett, the wonderful clairandient, clairvoyant and independent slate writer, 34 Kearny St., recently from the East, are the most wonderful of the age. She holds the slate in full view of spectators while the pencil is guided by invisible hands and intelligent communications written. Spirit voices are distinctly heard and spirit hands in forms of light are seen by day. Persons desiring reliable communications should call at her parlors.—*S. F. Chronicle.*

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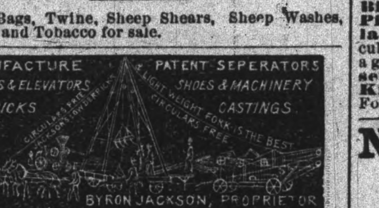
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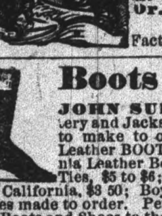
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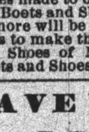
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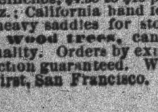
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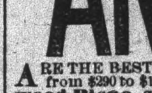
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H the kneading board.
I the shelf.
J the space for baking pans, ironing sheet, flat irons, &c.
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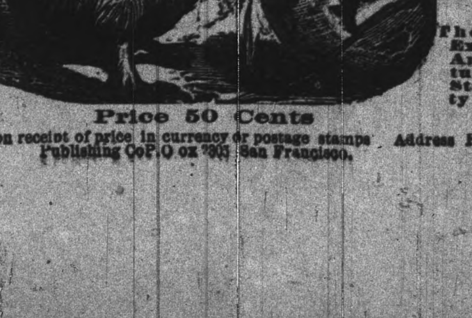
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